And preſently.
Wooer. She would have me ſing.
Doctor. You did ſo?
Wooer. No.
Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.
Wooer. Alas
I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.
Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyſe,
If ſhe intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if ſhe aske you.
Iaylor. Hoa there *Doctor.*
Doctor. Yes in the waie of cure.
Iaylor But firſt by your leave
I'th way of honeſtie.
Doctor. That's but a niceneſſe,
Nev'r caſt your child away for honeſtie;
Cure her firſt this way, then if ſhee will be honeſt,
She has the path before her.
Iaylor. Thanke yee *Doctor.*
Doctor. Pray bring her in
And let's ſee how ſhee is.
Iaylor. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* ſtaies for her: But *Doctor,*
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong ſtill. *Exit Iaylor.*
Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honeſty?
And we ſhould give her phyſicke till we finde that:
Wooer. Why, doe you thinke ſhe is not honeſt Sir?
Doctor. How old is ſhe?
Wooer. She's eighteene.
Doctor. She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpoſe,
What ere her Father ſaies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I ſpoke of
Videlicet, the *way of fleſh*, you have me.
Wooer. Yet very well Sir.
Doctor. Pleaſe her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipſo facto,*

The

The mellencholly humour that in
Wooer. I am of your minde
Enter
Docter. You'l finde it ſo; ſh
Iaylor. Come, your Love *Pa*
And has done this long houre, to
Daughter. I thanke him for hi
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am
Did you nev'r ſee the horſe he g
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. How doe you like h
Iaylor. He's a very faire one
Daugh. You never ſaw him
Iaylor. No.
Daugh. I have often.
He daunces very finely, very com
And for a Iigge, come cut and l
He turnes ye like a Top.
Iaylor. That's fine indeede.
Daugh. Hee'l dance the Mo
And that will founder the beſt h
(If I have any skill) in all the pari
And gallops to the turne of *Lig*
What thinke you of this horſe
Iaylor. Having theſe vertues
I thinke he might be broght to
Daugh. Alas that's nothing.
Iaylor. Can he write and rea
Daugh. A very faire hand, an
Of all his hay and provender:
Muſt riſe betime that cozens hi
The Cheſtnut Mare the Duke h
Iaylor. Very well.
Daugh. She is horribly in
But he is like his maſter coy an
Iaylor. What dowry has ſh
Daugh. Some two hundre
And twenty ſtrike of Oates,

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